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Girls' Life

Patsy Walker,
Editor



CONTENTS

COMIC STRIP:

PATSY WALKER, IN "HEDY HORNS IN!"

FASHIONS:

PATSY PONDERS EASTER PROBLEMS

FICTION:

"SUZY'S PET PROJECT"

FASHIONS:

PRETTY TO BED

PARTY LINE:

PATSY INVITES YOU TO AN EASTER BRUNCH

COMIC PAGE:

A PATSY WALKER EXTRA

BEAUTY:

PATSY'S BEAUTY TIPS

FICTION:

"LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS!"

FASHIONS:

ACCESSORIES, ANYBODY

COMIC PAGE:

A PATSY WALKER EXTRA

LOVE LETTERS:

HEART CLINIC

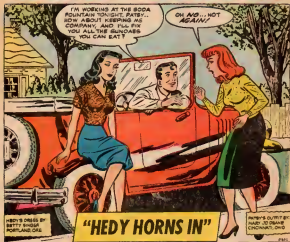
EDITOR'S PAGE:

PATSY'S OWN PAGE

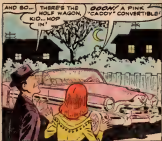
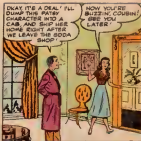
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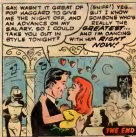
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Abstracts of papers presented at the 1997 Annual Meeting of the American Psychological Association, Washington, DC, September 1-5, 1997.

1. **Introduction**
 2. **Methodology**
 3. **Results**
 4. **Discussion**
 5. **Conclusion**
 6. **References**
 7. **Appendix**
 8. **Index**
 9. **Table of Contents**
 10. **Figure 1**
 11. **Figure 2**
 12. **Figure 3**
 13. **Figure 4**
 14. **Figure 5**
 15. **Figure 6**
 16. **Figure 7**
 17. **Figure 8**
 18. **Figure 9**
 19. **Figure 10**
 20. **Figure 11**
 21. **Figure 12**
 22. **Figure 13**
 23. **Figure 14**
 24. **Figure 15**
 25. **Figure 16**
 26. **Figure 17**
 27. **Figure 18**
 28. **Figure 19**
 29. **Figure 20**
 30. **Figure 21**
 31. **Figure 22**
 32. **Figure 23**
 33. **Figure 24**
 34. **Figure 25**
 35. **Figure 26**
 36. **Figure 27**
 37. **Figure 28**
 38. **Figure 29**
 39. **Figure 30**
 40. **Figure 31**
 41. **Figure 32**
 42. **Figure 33**
 43. **Figure 34**
 44. **Figure 35**
 45. **Figure 36**
 46. **Figure 37**
 47. **Figure 38**
 48. **Figure 39**
 49. **Figure 40**
 50. **Figure 41**
 51. **Figure 42**
 52. **Figure 43**
 53. **Figure 44**
 54. **Figure 45**
 55. **Figure 46**
 56. **Figure 47**
 57. **Figure 48**
 58. **Figure 49**
 59. **Figure 50**
 60. **Figure 51**
 61. **Figure 52**
 62. **Figure 53**
 63. **Figure 54**
 64. **Figure 55**
 65. **Figure 56**
 66. **Figure 57**
 67. **Figure 58**
 68. **Figure 59**
 69. **Figure 60**
 70. **Figure 61**
 71. **Figure 62**
 72. **Figure 63**
 73. **Figure 64**
 74. **Figure 65**
 75. **Figure 66**
 76. **Figure 67**
 77. **Figure 68**
 78. **Figure 69**
 79. **Figure 70**
 80. **Figure 71**
 81. **Figure 72**
 82. **Figure 73**
 83. **Figure 74**
 84. **Figure 75**
 85. **Figure 76**
 86. **Figure 77**
 87. **Figure 78**
 88. **Figure 79**
 89. **Figure 80**
 90. **Figure 81**
 91. **Figure 82**
 92. **Figure 83**
 93. **Figure 84**
 94. **Figure 85**
 95. **Figure 86**
 96. **Figure 87**
 97. **Figure 88**
 98. **Figure 89**
 99. **Figure 90**
 100. **Figure 91**
 101. **Figure 92**
 102. **Figure 93**
 103. **Figure 94**
 104. **Figure 95**
 105. **Figure 96**
 106. **Figure 97**
 107. **Figure 98**
 108. **Figure 99**
 109. **Figure 100**
 110. **Figure 101**
 111. **Figure 102**
 112. **Figure 103**
 113. **Figure 104**
 114. **Figure 105**
 115. **Figure 106**
 116. **Figure 107**
 117. **Figure 108**
 118. **Figure 109**
 119. **Figure 110**
 120. **Figure 111**
 121. **Figure 112**
 122. **Figure 113**
 123. **Figure 114**
 124. **Figure 115**
 125. **Figure 116**
 126. **Figure 117**
 127. **Figure 118**
 128. **Figure 119**
 129. **Figure 120**
 130. **Figure 121**
 131. **Figure 122**
 132. **Figure 123**
 133. **Figure 124**
 134. **Figure 125**
 135. **Figure 126**
 136. **Figure 127**
 137. **Figure 128**
 138. **Figure 129**
 139. **Figure 130**
 140. **Figure 131**
 141. **Figure 132**
 142. **Figure 133**
 143. **Figure 134**
 144. **Figure 135**
 145. **Figure 136**
 146. **Figure 137**
 147. **Figure 138**
 148. **Figure 139**
 149. **Figure 140**
 150. **Figure 141**
 151. **Figure 142**
 152. **Figure 143**
 153. **Figure 144**
 154. **Figure 145**
 155. **Figure 146**
 156. **Figure 147**
 157. **Figure 148**
 158. **Figure 149**
 159. **Figure 150**
 160. **Figure 151**
 161. **Figure 152**
 162. **Figure 153**
 163. **Figure 154**
 164. **Figure 155**
 165. **Figure 156**
 166. **Figure 157**
 167. **Figure 158**
 168. **Figure 159**
 169. **Figure 160**
 170. **Figure 161**
 171. **Figure 162**
 172. **Figure 163**
 173. **Figure 164**
 174. **Figure 165**
 175. **Figure 166**
 176. **Figure 167**
 177. **Figure 168**
 178. **Figure 169**
 179. **Figure 170**
 180. **Figure 171**
 181. **Figure 172**
 182. **Figure 173**
 183. **Figure 174**
 184. **Figure 175**
 185. **Figure 176**
 186. **Figure 177**
 187. **Figure 178**
 188. **Figure 179**
 189. **Figure 180**
 190. **Figure 181**
 191. **Figure 182**
 192. **Figure 183**
 193. **Figure 184**
 194. **Figure 185**
 195. **Figure 186**
 196. **Figure 187**
 197. **Figure 188**
 198. **Figure 189**
 199. **Figure 190**
 200. **Figure 191**
 201. **Figure 192**
 202. **Figure 193**
 203. **Figure 194**
 204. **Figure 195**
 205. **Figure 196**
 206. **Figure 197**
 207. **Figure 198**
 208. **Figure 199**
 209. **Figure 200**
 210. **Figure 201**
 211. **Figure 202**
 212. **Figure 203**
 213. **Figure 204**
 214. **Figure 205**
 215. **Figure 206**
 216. **Figure 207**
 217. **Figure 208**

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

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Abstract

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PATSY PONDERERS

HATS... NO COMMENT!

IN THIS CRAZY, MIXED-UP SEASON, NEW CLOTHES CERTAINLY ARE A PROBLEM! ONE MINUTE YOU FREEZE, THE NEXT, YOU ROAST! SO WHAT TO DO?

ONE SCHOOL OF THOUGHT HOLDS THAT NOTHING COULD BE BETTER THAN A GOOD SUIT WITH A PRETTY BLOUSE! YOU'RE COLD? WEAR THE JACKET AND BE SMART AND COMFORTABLE! WARM? TAKE THE JACKET OFF AND THERE YOU ARE, FRESH AND CRISP IN YOUR LOVELY BLOUSE! THEN, TOO, IF YOU CHOOSE YOUR NEW SUIT TO CONTRAST WITH YOUR OLD ONE, YOU CAN SWITCH SKIRTS AND JACKETS SO THAT YOU HAVE FOUR COSTUMES INSTEAD OF TWO! YOU CAN BE EITHER DRESSY OR TAILORED IN A SUIT, DEPENDING ON THE BLOUSE YOU CHOOSE... AND THIS IS CERTAINLY A POINT TO THINK OF!



THE SUIT COAT. A STRAIGHT LITTLE LICK OF SOFT STEEPED HARMONY IN GRAVELLY TWEED OVER A SLIM-AS-A-PENCIL BROADCLOTH SKIRT.

A TRULY BAWN TO SUNDOWN TWEED, BEING TWEED AND BEING SLIMMER, IT'S HIGH FASHION, TOWN OR COUNTRY, AT HOME OR ABROAD.

A CHESTERFIELD IN PAILLE, FORMAL, SHEERLY CUT, AN ELEGANT OUTSTANDER IN ANY COMPANY. FOR SPRING INTO SUMMER, LOVELY IN COLORS.

EASTER PROBLEMS

ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE'S MUCH TO BE SAID FOR THE COAT AND DRESS ADHERENTS WHO INSIST THAT A GIRL ISN'T REALLY LIVING UNTIL SHE HAS A PRETTY PASTEL TOPCOAT TO WEAR OVER EVERYTHING, SUITS INCLUDED! A COAT IS ALWAYS HANDY IN YOUR BEAUTY CONVERTIBLE, AND FOR COOL VACATION EVENINGS AT THE SHORE OR IN THE MOUNTAINS! PLUS, THE SAME COAT LOOKS SO NICE OVER A SUMMER PARTY DRESS!

BUT WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE, BE SURE TO LOOK FOR AND CONSIDER THE NEW SYNTHETIC MATERIALS WITH THEIR EASY CLEANING, LONG WEARING AND SHAPE RETAINING QUALITIES, AND THOSE BEAUTIFUL COTTONS WOVEN LIKE TWEEDS ... MARVELOUS, THE YEAR ROUND!

GOLLY! ALL THIS AND I'VE NOT EVEN MENTIONED HATS!



BALENCIAGA'S CRISP-BARREL COAT, NARROWED AT THE BOTTOM, LONGER THAN SKIRT (BUT NOT BY MUCH), BUTTONING, BUT ONLY ONCE.

THE TWENTY-SEVEN INCH TOPPER IN A DOWNY-SURFACED TWEED, WORN OVER A SKIRT CUT AS POINTEDLY STRAIGHT AS A BLADE.

STILL TOPS IN FORMALITY IS THE FITTED, DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT, EITHER IN BLACK OR IN COLOR.

GIRLS, SEND ME YOUR FASHION IDEAS!



SUZY'S PET PROJECT



NOT too long ago, a month to be exact, Suzy Fairchild had a brainstorm. And when Suzy has a brainstorm, anything is bound to happen, and did.

It all began when she went to the *Grand* on a Friday night date with Mill Judson and saw a movie with a homeless dog as the featured character. A light flashed in Suzy's head right in the middle of the picture when the courageous collie followed a young boy for fifteen miles through a dark swamp, trawling his paws on sharp underbrush and swimming dangerous, snake-filled waters to be with his chosen master. With tears streaming down her pretty cheeks, Suzy pulled the sleeve of Mill's jacket and sobbed.

"We're going to do something about it!"

"Shhhhh!" Mill warned. "Not so loud. What-ya mean we're going to do something about what? What are you talking about and please stop crying. Everybody's looking at us!"

"We're going to open a pet shop right on Main Street. Just think of all the poor, homeless dogs who need the friendship of some boy or girl who will love and take care of them," she sniffled.

"Aw, Suzy!" Mill purred in a loud whisper. "Not soother of your hairbrained schemes. Count me out! The last time the fire department got in the act, remember?"

"That was only because Judy Harrison got scared. If Judy hadn't been with a dog, we could have gotten rid of all the red beetles in Mr. Buxton's orchards. The poor old man was losing his whole crop, remember that?" Suzy retorted indignantly. "And furthermore, Mill Judson, I don't like your attitude and I probably won't be seeing much of you for quite some time," she added, just as three people behind leaned forward to whisper a firm "Shhhhhhh!"

The next day, Suzy confronted her father, a man who had suffered nobly in Suzy's causes for many years.

"But, Dad, it would be a very profitable business for you and every growing community needs a pet shop. Why just think, in a year or two, some young veterinarian will want to open up a practice in Twin Rivers and then . . ."

"And then you might have a handsome, young husband who loves your animals, is that it, Suzy?" Mr. Fairchild said with twinkling eyes as he cut a large pile of hot pancakes in four neat triangles.

"No, of course not!" Suzy objected, blushing to the room of her inky black poodle cat. "I just meant to point out that it means more business, more pets, fewer lonely children and elderly people, that's all."

"Well, this time, I said this time, mind you, it doesn't sound like a bad idea at all. I'll see Jed Granger at the bank today and arrange for that small front next to Wessinger's. How does that location sound?"

"Oh! Oh!" was all Suzy could manage to say and she leaped up from her chair to descend upon her father with a bear hug that almost made him choke on his pancakes.

In a badly battered station wagon reserved for the use of Suzy and her brother Dodd, Suzy piled blankets, baskets, and an odd assortment of rope, old dog collars collected from the Fairchild basement and neighbors' attics, rubber balls and a scratching post to keep any stray kittens the might find, busy until they were established in their new home on Main Street.

Suzy waved goodbye to her mother who stood on the front porch watching Operation Pets as Dodd, her colts, unwilling recruit, barked the car out of the driveway and headed for the open country.

The first stop in search of homeless animals was Greendora McPherson's farm. She was an ancient woman whose isolated life on a small farm near the Rivers had encouraged strange legends. Some said she was 200 years old and had a secret for

When Suzy got an idea, anything could happen . . . and this time was no exception!



anula that would enable her to live forever. Others claimed she was a witch and swore she made weird midnight pilgrimages into the hills in search of magical herbs. But Suzy thought Grandma was just a sweet old lady and often she came to visit her on Sunday afternoons.

"Hi, Grandma!" Suzy called as she spied her going around a ramshackled hut Grandma called a barn.

"Hello, there!" Grandma McPherson chirped in a high, shaky voice and waved an empty basket over her faded blue sun-bonnet in greeting.

It took Suzy only five minutes to convince Grandma to relinquish a mongrel puppy and three, month-old Persian kittens. As Grandma's gnarled hands, stiff with age and arthritis, placed each kitten gently in a basket Suzy held ready, Dodd coaxed the puppy from an affectionate hold on his overalls, into the car. Suzy and Dodd thanked Grandma, kissed her leathery cheek and started off again with soft meows coming from the back of the station wagon.

"Well, where to now, 'character'?" Dodd asked warily.

"There's a big farm about five miles from here. Bricker is the name, I think. We can try there, anyway," Suzy replied doubtfully.

As they turned into a paved driveway leading to a group of four buildings set in a quadrangle, a young man dashed in front of them waving his hand in a signal to stop. He disappeared from the front of the car for a moment and came up with an enormous animal of St. Bernard pup-breathing heavily with the weight of his charge. The tall, rangy boy came around to Suzy's side of the car.

"Hi!" he panted. "Sorry, folks, about making you stop on a dime, but these are four of these little fellas, and all of them love cars. I'm Sandy Bricker. What can I do for you?" he asked and sent the dog scampering off down the drive with

a light but firm pat.

"You have four St. Bernards?" Suzy chortled. "You wouldn't like to give one or two to a reputable pet shop opening up in town, would you? That's what I'm here for . . . I mean I came to ask if you had any extra animals you'd like to find good homes for."

Sandy smiled with relief. "Boy, I'll say! Each one of them eats two pounds of slop a day. My Dad's been threatening to quit dairy farming and go into cattle raising if we don't find homes for them soon. What's your name, anyway," Sandy queried, looking spellbound into Suzy's large violet eyes. "I don't think I've ever seen you around before."

"Suzy," she replied, feeling a pleasant embarrassment with the expression on Sandy's very unsmug and very good-looking face.

"Uh, my name's Dodd, but don't let that bother you. I'm Suzy's brother," he granted with understanding as he held his hand across to Sandy.

"Glad to know you. Pet shop, huh?" Sandy continued, returning his undivided attention to Suzy. "Maybe you can use me around until you get everything all settled, I mean, I've been around animals a lot and we've got a week off from school next week and, gee, I'd be glad to help."

"Thank you, Sandy. I can't think of anyone I'd rather have help, until we get it all settled, I mean, and, well, everything," Suzy replied softly.

"Good! Good! Now that everything's settled, let's get those two beasts in the car," Dodd later cupped good-naturedly.

Sandy rounded up a tame squirrel, a parakeet, two white rabbits, and three Scotch Tairnians from the next farm in addition to the two St. Bernards which took up most of the room in the station wagon and annoyed the parakeet who kept saying, "Too big! Too big!" every time one of them came near her.



SUEY APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY IN BLUE JEANS, A CRATE IN ONE HAND AND A HAMMER IN THE OTHER.

"Well, thanks to you, Sandy, Suey's pet shop looks like a successful venture already," Dodd said, as he placed the key in the ignition. Suey leaned out of the window to thank him, too, and watch him smile at her once more before they left.

"See you tomorrow!" Sandy called as he stood in the driveway and waved.

"Boy, that's some farm. Everything's run by electricity and those buildings look like a modern architect's dream," Dodd murmured as he glanced back at the Bricker Dairy.

"Umm, he's a dream, all right," Suey sighed wistfully.

"Oh, women!" Dodd exclaimed and headed toward town whose lights were beginning to glow at the foot of the darkening hills.

Late Sunday afternoon, Sandy pulled his convertible to a stop halt in front of 12 Main Street. He would have known the location from the chorus of strange sounds coming from inside, lacking the address. Suey appeared in the doorway in blue jeans, a crate in one hand and a hammer in the other.

"Am I glad to see you!" she cried. "I thought making compartments for the pets would be simple, but, oh, my aching arms!"

"How're they behaving?" Sandy asked as he took the hammer from Suey and walked to the middle of the floor to make a quick appraisal of the set-up. "Nice floor, nice walls. That should be a good place for the dogs . . . over there by that window," he suggested. Suey gazed at her companion with undisguised admiration and knew instantly Sandy would know what to do about everything.

Well, almost everything. It was a week later, at midnight, when Judge Peterson received the first call, when hysterical sob. Martha Kipper said a big, hairy monster leaped right into her window, up on the bed, attempted to crush her leg with its huge feet and then disappeared again.

Five minutes later, old Mr. Hickory, babbling in terror, tried to tell Judge Peterson about how he looked out the window just before getting into bed and there IT was. Some huge "pre-historic" beast, tearing around through his rose bushes and scratching up the petunia bulbs. "Must eat flowers!" he screamed over the phone.

The third call was from deputy Bowles who had seen a large animal sitting on top of a parked car.

"Suey!" Judge Peterson exclaimed to Bowles who scratched his head after the judge slammed the receiver down.

Suey dressed in two seconds and ran all the way to the pet shop. As suspected, one of the St. Bernard's boxes was empty. She called Susan, then went into the streets to search for her runaway 150 pound puppy.

By one o'clock, many had been aroused from their beds by courtesy of Martha Kipper and were in the streets in various combinations of pajamas, jackets, coats and weapons. When Suey saw the posse of frightened citizens marching down the middle of the street, armed with clubs, shovels, and some with hunting rifles, her heart sank down to her bedroom slippers.

Sandy pulled up by Suey just as she started to run toward them to explain their "monster". The dog sat in the front seat with him, safe and sound, used and content with his midnight spree.

Suey looked at Sandy and the St. Bernard and knew instantly Sandy would know what to do about everything.

THE END



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PRETTY TO BED

WELL, PRETTY TO BED MAY NOT MAKE A GAL HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE, BUT IT CERTAINLY SHOULD MAKE FOR SWEETER DREAMS!

HER PALMS IN BEAUTY TO THE SOUND OF TRUMPET BELLS



THE NEWS HERE IS THAT THE SHORTIE HAS MATCHING PANTIES OF THE SAME SILK PRINT



DRIFTING VOILS OF CREPE SURFACED NYLON TRICOT. THE NIGHTIE UNDER IT IS OF THE SAME STUFF, CUT LIKE AN EVENING DRESS. HAS VELVET SHOULDER STRAPS

(SUGGESTED BY LORRA BROWN BETTOW OGD)



THE PALMIA TOP IS OF FLORENCE SILK CREPE AND THE TROUSERS OF THE SAME PRINT ON A HEAVY SHEER



AND NOW TOO IS THE STEEP-N-SHORTY. BEER IN A BATHING SUIT

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GUILD

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PATSY INVITES YOU TO AN EASTER BRUNCH

DEAR GIRLS: OF COURSE, IF YOU *INSIST* ON INVITING THE MARCH HARE AND THE MAD HATTER TO YOUR PARTY, I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT MAY HAPPEN! BUT I HAVE A PLAN FOR A PARTY, AN EASTER BRUNCH WITHOUT THOSE TWO TROUBLE MAKERS, WHICH WILL BE FUN AND NOT TOO MUCH WEAR AND TEAR ON THE HOSTESS, NAMELY *YOU!*



EASTER, BEING SUCH A GAY OCCASION, LET EVERYTHING ABOUT YOUR PARTY REFLECT THE FESTIVE MOOD! FIRST, OFF YOU GO POSTHASTE TO THE GOOD OLD FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE FOR PAPER NAPKINS, TABLE CLOTHES, PLATES AND EASTER DECORATIONS, THE VERY GAYEST YOU CAN FIND!



A HARRIED HOSTESS GIVES A POOR PARTY! SO MAKE YOUR PARTY SEEM JUST LIKE SOMETHING YOU WHIPPED UP ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT! "JUST LIKE MAGIC!" THEY'LL SAY, BUT YOU AND I KNOW THAT MAGIC OF THAT SORT IS THE RESULT OF PLENTY OF CAREFUL PLANNING BY YOU, THE EXECUTIVE TYPE!



EVERYONE WILL HAVE WORKED UP A FINE APPETITE DURING THE EASTER PARADE, SO A REAL, SUBSTANTIAL SPREAD IS IN ORDER! HERE IS ONE WHICH WILL SATISFY THE HEARTIEST APPETITES, PLUS THE FACT THAT EVERYTHING CAN BE PREPARED WELL IN ADVANCE, SO YOU CAN HEAT AND SERVE EVERYTHING AT THE LAST MOMENT!



ORANGE JUICE ... MILK ... TOMATO
JUICE ... CELERY ... RADISHES ... OLIVES
CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF ... FRENCH-
CUT STRING BEANS WITH SAUTÉED
MUSHROOMS ... RICE ... HOT-
BUTTERED PARKER HOUSE ROLLS
ICE CREAM ... CAKES





WHEN YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS GATHER AT YOUR HOUSE AFTER THE EASTER PARADE, DIVIDE THEM INTO TEAMS OF TWO EACH AND START THEM OFF TO FIND THE BRIGHTLY COLORED EGGS WHICH THE EASTER BUNNY SO THOUGHTFULLY HARD-BOILED BEFORE HIDING THEM ALL ABOUT THE PLACE! ALLOW ABOUT A HALF-HOUR, AND WHEN TIME IS CALLED, THE TEAM BRINGING IN THE MOST EGGS RECEIVES THE GRAND PRIZE... TOY BUNNIES WITH CANDY EGGS!



WHEN THE HUNT IS WELL STARTED, YOU SLIP AWAY TO THE KITCHEN (WITH A VOLUNTEER HELPER) HEAT THE FOOD WHICH WAS PREPARED BEFORE AND LEFT READY IN STEAMERS OR DOUBLE BOILERS. PUT EVERYTHING ON THE TABLE, BEAUTIFULLY SET IN THE KITCHEN...NATCH! SO THAT YOU'LL BE IN ON ALL THE FUN INSTEAD OF RUNNING LIKE A SWITCH-ENGINE BETWEEN KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM! THE GANG ALWAYS LOVES KITCHEN SPREADS AT OUR HOUSE, WITH EVERYONE SERVING HIMSELF. IN ORDER TO AVOID SPOTTED FINERY I ALWAYS PROVIDE GAY PAPER APRONS FOR BOTH BOYS AND GIRLS... THESE GIVE PEOPLE A CHANCE TO CLOWN A BIT AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT EVERYONE WILL BE IN ON THE ACT AND YOU'LL BE HAVING A BALL!



*** Short Cuts: Frozen orange juice...Canned tomato juice... frozen french cut string beans... Canned, sliced mushrooms cooked in butter... (Afraid of lumpy cream sauce? A famous New York restaurant has just put out a wonderful canned cream sauce...add a cup of milk; a whisk with the egg beater... perfect!

***Glamour Touch: A handful of blanched almonds, chopped, toasted and sprinkled over the creamed beef... 'Gummy' and 'Construction'-making!

***Gay Party Note: Wash all of you there in the cluttered kitchen and all of you in aprons could be someone will suggest a clean-up job...has happened with *me*!

AFTER ALL THIS FOOD, PROBABLY NO ONE WILL FEEL LIKE ANYTHING STRENUOUS, SO WHY NOT PLAY "WHOSIS"? GIVE EACH PLAYER A SLIP OF PAPER ON WHICH YOU'VE WRITTEN SUCH QUESTIONS AS, "WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE SPORT, COLOR, FOOD, BOOK, AMBITION, ANIMAL, STUDY, PASTIME, ETC.. AND WHEN EACH HAS ANSWERED ALL THE QUESTIONS, COLLECT ALL THE SLIPS AND AS THE ANSWERS ARE READ ALOUD, GUESSES ARE MADE AS TO WHOM THE WRITER WAS. THIS GAME GIVES A CHANCE FOR A LOT OF GOOD-NATURED KIDDING AND LAUGHTER, ESPECIALLY IF YOU KNOW EACH OTHER WELL!



PATSY WALKER EXTRA!

I MUST GET SOMEONE
TO CARRY THESE BOOKS
UPSTAIRS!

DISCIPLINE
HARDER!



OH, BOYS... I NEED
SOME HELP!



WILL YOU FELLOWS
GRAB THESE BOOKS
AND... **BLP!**

?

?



WELL, WHEN I CAN'T
TELL THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN OUR BOYS
AND GIRLS, THEN
IT'S TIME TO TAKE
DRASTIC STEPS!



CATCH...

BULLETIN BOARD

NOTICE
WEARING OF SLACKS,
JEANS, AND SLIPPY
OR CUFFY BY
GIRLS IS
FORBIDDEN!
HEREAFTER, ALL
PUPILS WILL
DRESS WITH
UTMOST
FEMININITY

By Mr. Walker
March 1955



NOW
UTTERLY
MEDICAL!

NOT ONLY THAT...
IT'S DOWNRIGHT
OLD-FASHIONED!

SO IMPRACTICAL!

SO UNCOM-
FORTABLE!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA, GALS! HE WANTS US
DRESSED WITH UTMOST FEMININITY! WELL,
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE'LL DO...BUT
LISTEN TO MY PLAN...



NEXT DAY...



AND SO...

BULLETIN BOARD

NOTICE
FORMER
ORDER ON
GIRLS
CLOTHING
IS HEREBY
CANCELLED

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—Mrs. John, New York

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can make your life by gaining this
wonderful accomplishment! The
great times that lie ahead of you!
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The many exciting occasions on
which someone will beg, "You
must come to our party to play!"
The added enjoyment you'll get
out of your leisure hours. The
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PATSY'S BEAUTY TIPS!



IN THE OLD GERMAN SONG, THE LORELEI WAS FOREVER COMBING HER GOLDEN HAIR AND SINGING LIKE CRAZY! BUT WHETHER OR NOT SHE MAKES WITH THE HIGH "C", THE MODERN LORELEI IS A LOT SMARTER! SHE **BRUSHES** HER CROWNING GLORY! AND WITH A GOOD, STIFF BRUSH WHICH REACHES RIGHT THROUGH THE HAIR TO THE SCALP. ALWAYS BRUSH UPWARD AND OUT, BRUSH WITH STRONG, VIGOROUS STROKES WHICH PULL AND TUG UNTIL YOUR SCALP GETS INTO THE ACT! WHEN THE SCALP TINGLES, THAT MEANS THE ROOTS OF YOUR HAIR ARE GETTING EXERCISE AND THE CIRCULATION STIMULATED. BRUSHING CARRIES AWAY LOOSE HAIRS AND DUST AND SO HELPS KEEP HAIR CLEAN, PLUS WHICH IT HELPS DISTRIBUTE THE NATURAL OILS ALONG THE WHOLE LENGTH, EVEN TO THE SO OFTEN DRY AND BRITTLE TIPS. NO FEAR OF RUINING YOUR PERMANENT! VIGOROUS BRUSHING KEEPS HAIR IN FINE FETTER, AND WAVES SOFT AND NATURAL-LOOKING!



AS YOU SIT READING OR STUDYING, PULL YOUR HAIR, TAKE SMALL STRANDS AND PULL STEADILY. DO THIS ALL OVER YOUR HEAD. SOMETIMES, INSTEAD OF PULLING, PUSH YOUR SCALP THIS WAY AND THAT WITH THE TIPS OF YOUR FINGERS CLEAR DOWN AT THE ROOTS OF YOUR HAIR. BOTH OF THESE ARE SWELL WAYS TO PROMOTE CIRCULATION AND SCALP HEALTH.



IF YOU FEEL YOU NEED TO PEP UP THE PERSONALITY WITH A NEW HAIRDO, I KNOW A GOOD TRICK TO HELP YOU CHOOSE ONE! TIE YOUR HAIR BACK, FACE YOUR MIRROR DIRECTLY AND WITH A SLIVER OF SOAP TRACE THE OUTLINE OF YOUR FACE PLUS THE GENERAL PLACEMENT OF YOUR FEATURES ON THE GLASS AND RIGHT THERE BEFORE YOU, YOU HAVE THE PERFECT FRAMEWORK FOR SKETCHES OF ANY NUMBER OF NEW ARRANGEMENTS!

IF YOUR FACE NEEDS LENGTH, LET THE PART GO UPWARD FROM THE SIDE TO THE CROWN. THIS GIVES THE BEHOLDER A FEELING OF AN UNINTERRUPTED LINE FROM CHIN TO CROWN, *VERY LONG-MAKING!* THEN, TOO, HAIR HIGH ON THE HEAD AND FLATTENED OVER THE EARS GIVES THE FEELING OF LENGTH AS DOES A SIDESWEPT BANG!



A PART STARTING JUST OFF CENTER, DROPPING TOWARD THE EAR, LENDS AN ILLUSION OF WIDTH TO AN OVER-LONG FACE. A HEADRESS FLATTENED ON TOP AND FLUFFED AT THE SIDES OR A BANG STRAIGHT ACROSS THE FOREHEAD ACCOMPLISH THE SAME RESULTS. A CENTER PART WILL WIDEN THE FACE, WHILE AT THE SAME TIME ADD HEIGHT TO THE FOREHEAD. BUT THIS IS DANGEROUS, FOR IT CALLS ATTENTION IMMEDIATELY TO YOUR NOSE, AND SO TO ANY IRREGULARITY OF FEATURES! SO, IF YOUR NOSE ISN'T YOUR BEST FEATURE, WELL, LET YOUR MIRROR BE YOUR GUIDE!



WHEN PLANNING YOUR "GREAT INNOVATION", REMEMBER THAT A SUPER EXOTIC JOB MAY BE GINGER-PEACHY FOR A SPECIAL OCCASION, BUT IT'S THE SIMPLE, EASY HAIRDO WHICH LETS YOU SURVIVE THAT MAD MORNING SCRAMBLE AND STILL EMERGE GIVING A PRETTY SMOOTH IMITATION OF THAT COOL GIRL-ABOUT-SCHOOL WHO IS THE *REAL* YOU!



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Love,
Patsy



LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS



IT was with great irony and foreboding that Andy called to break his Saturday night date with Nancy for the third consecutive week and in order to work on his "hor" jolopy. He expected an explosion, a minor crisis in his life, but he hadn't counted on a declaration of war against the whole male sex. And that's exactly what he started. Nancy was even sweet about the broken engagement, but it was that strychnine kind of sweetness, Andy was to learn, that just precedes a man's doom.

"All right, Andy, dear," she practically cooed. "You go right ahead and work on your car. I know how much it means to you."

"Gee, you really mean it?" Andy exclaimed happily. "You're wonderful, Nancy. Honest, you're the greatest!" he said, bestowing the ultimate in ultimate compliments, and smiling vaguely in a kind of wondrous disbelief that any body like Nancy could exist . . . just walk around like other ordinary human beings when all the time she was so, so different. Andy put the receiver back on the hook in a semi-daze, then whistling his favorite song off-key, went back to the garage.

The explosion came on Monday morning, when Andy was escorted to his seat in Ancient History class by four, solemn-faced young men.

"We've got a feeling you're responsible for this," Curly Weber said with the casual air of one of the James boys. Andy looked from one grim mask to the other and gulped.

"What's the mystery? I'm responsible for what? You guys look as though you've got a block of cement in mind. I'm innocent until proven guilty, just remember that."

"Nancy Hawkins and her crowd of felix females have gotten the principal and the mayor to approve a Woman's Week, that's what. And do you know what that means, boy? That means

they take over our jobs, take over our cars, make the dates, run the world and enslave our souls for one solid week of purified misery. And we just have a hunch you broke one date too many, right, fellas?" Curly asked.

"Right," the others chorused in a deadly monotone.

"Aw, you guys don't think I'm the cause of Nancy doing a thing like that, do you? Me? Lardie, ole me? Why Nan and I are solid, just like the downbeat. There she is now. Watch this." Andy protested with feeble assurance and walked up to Nancy who was talking and gesturing excitedly to several girls.

"Hi, doll!" he said, giving her red horse's tail a gentle tug.

She turned around and looked through him coldly. "I'll see you later," she said and turned back to the conference of strategy.

"See, whar'd I tell you. Solid!" Andy squeaked, losing control of his usually deep, rich baritone.

"Yeah, we saw. Last year's love isn't this year's passion, passion flower. You just better think, and think fast. I've got to work this week at Pap's or I can't make the last payment on my buggy. And Bro's going to be in the cold, cold deep freeze with Polly if he goes out with any other girl, and you can't refuse a dam, if you're so lucky to be asked," Curly explained, having acquired all the information first-hand from his sister. "Well, brains, what are we going to do?"

Andy frowned for a moment and looked at the toes of his well-worn moccasins. Finally, a great hope flashed and he looked up with the smug satisfaction of having discovered the riddle of the Sphinx. "I bet it won't work. Doesn't man always emerge victorious in a battle of the sexes? What are we, mice or men? Don't answer that question! But, honest, fellas, I can just imagine what's going to happen after the first day of



The girls decided to take over the town for a week... but they soon learned it's a man's world!

dling soda for example. I bet they won't be able to lift the white flag, they'll be so tired."

"Haven't you noticed?" Kim interrupted Andy's enthusiastic and philosophical discourse. "These aren't 'women'... they're *Amazon*! Take a gander at Laurie, Ginger, Katy and Polly, to name just four. They're as tall as we are, and science has shown that women are biologically stronger than men and outlive them by ten to twenty years. If you ask me, the thing we have to watch out for is that they might like wearing the pants so much, they'll try to book this act on a permanent basis. Then where'll we be?" Kim roared. He just couldn't picture himself leading rose bushes or hanging up diapers, somehow.

"I tell you, you haven't a thing to worry about," Andy insisted. "My hunches have always been right before, haven't they? Well, almost always. And you'll see I'm right about this, too. They'll never make it through Wednesday."

Monday after the last class, Andy, accompanied by twenty hungry companions, marched into Pop's. Nancy, in a white cap tilted cockily to one side and a huge apron that she could wind around her tiny waist four times, greeted the boys with a bright "Hiya! What'll ya have?" She chewed a stick of gum ferociously and leaned over the counter thumping her pad with all the concubinage of a veteran soda jerk.

"Wednesday, huh?" Kim whispered to Andy. "It looks more like next year to me."

"Five hamburgers, diets on the malt, a hot fudge special and don't forget the nuts," Andy ordered so rapidly it sounded like the tic of an tick-tock gun.

"Yessir," Nancy mumbled, scribbling as fast as her fingers would move. "Uh, what was that last, sir?" she said, not lifting her eyes from her pad.

"Nuts! Nuts! Don't forget the nuts," Andy

repeated with a sigh of disgust and twiddled off the stool to put a nickel in "You're Mine."

The order was served almost as quickly as Andy had given it. Nancy's girl chefs were carefully schooled on the don't-keep-the-customer-waiting-these and they didn't seem to let the egotistical male think he could fry a hamburger any faster than they could. Andy returned with a glum expression, bit into his hamburger, chewed for a minute and then looked terrified.

"Poison!" he gasped. "Don't touch 'em!" But it was too late. Kim and Carly were chewing half their hamburgers in the first bite and beginning to turn a pale green.

"Something wrong?" Nancy asked with a nervous quaver in her voice.

"Wrong?" Carly, Kim and Andy shrieked in unison. "Pop won't have a business if he lets a bunch of daisy females serve raw hamburgers garbished with walnuts a few more times!" Carly exploded and gulped a glass of water.

"Woman's Work!" Kim exclaimed, shaking his head sadly. "All I can say is, when women take over the earth, I'm going to Mars to live."

"Gee, Nancy, what'd you want to do a crazy thing like this for, anyway?" Andy said, reaching for her hand.

"Because," Nancy returned, biting her lip to keep back the tears. "We're going to put you in our place for a week. Then maybe you'll appreciate us! I'm taking you to the show Saturday night and kindly be ready at 7:30 promptly," she snifled and went back to the kitchen to order hamburgers well done without nuts.

When Andy walked solemnly into his house that evening, his mother was sitting in the big red armchair, her feet propped up on the footstool, reading the evening paper.

"Where's Dad?" he inquired.

"WE'RE STILL THE MALE ANIMAL AND THAT MEANS YOU'RE GOING TO THE MOVIES WITH ME. I'M TAKING YOU!"



"In the kitchen preparing dinner, of course!" his mother replied with a look of grim satisfaction.

"Oh, no!" Andy bellowed. "This is the end, the bitter end!"

On Tuesday, Andy took his newly finished souped-up jalopy to Smoob's garage for gas and oil. Beverly Vision was in attendance in place of Skeeter Davis, her steady, and she tipped her hat politely when the raw Andy drove in.

"Yessir! Gas, oil? How's the oil? Give 'er a check, sir? Windshield's dirty, sir, and you probably need water. Smells like something's burning, sir," she said breezily, and before Andy could respond, she was pouring something out of a can into the water pipe, tinkering with the engine, and kicking his brand new tires with the heel of her shoe.

"No! Beverly, stop!" Andy scowled.

"What's the matter, sir? Don't like our service? Then take your hunk of junk someplace else," she said in the same unconcerned, breezy tone, walked into the station house and slammed the screen door.

Andy got out and examined his car. He found anti-freeze in the water tank, a few wires pulled out of place, and the gas hose overflowing and splashing out on the concrete. With silent anguish, he put the hose back on the hook, fixed the wires, and took his beloved high speed beauty back home to clean out the anti-freeze.

By Saturday night, there was talk of committing her to bed. Susan Riley asked him for a date and Polly called five minutes afterward, threatening disaster if he accepted. When he explained that he didn't make the rules for their crazy work, she told him she didn't care who made the rules, but that he wasn't going out with Susan Riley, or else! Carly took a job for the week, baby-sitting,

in order to make the last payment on his car, Andy spent every night trying to get his back in shape after taking it to the gas station, and Skeeter's future looked dim because Beverly had "serviced" the principal's new car.

Nancy called for Andy at 7:30 wearing jeans, sneakers and T-shirt.

"What're you doing dressed like that? Going to a rodeo?" Andy asked when he opened the door.

"If you can take me to the movies in that horrible, battered old jacket of yours, corduroy trousers, and sports shirt, I guess you can go with me in jeans. Are you ready?"

"Yes," Andy mumbled weakly and closed the door.

They walked quietly for several minutes. Then Andy stopped dead in his tracks.

"Well?" Nancy asked.

"Well, I don't like it O.K., I guess you're right. I guess we do forget to do the things we should, but we're still the male animal and that means you're going to the movies with me. I'm taking you! And furthermore, you're going home and put on a dress and some lipstick. From now on, I'm giving the orders. Is that clear?" Andy said evenly.

Nancy smiled and knew that in spite of the awful mess the girls had made of Woman's Week, they had won their point. She turned to Andy and suddenly felt weak and helpless. She didn't like being a soda jerk, or wearing blue jeans on Saturday night, and she didn't even mind any more that Andy had broken three dates in a row to work on his car, because he had put his arms around her and was kissing her soundly!

THE END

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ACCESSORIES, ANYBODY?



I HAD A GOOD
THINK: FITTED,
HARD LEATHER
BAGS, SO
TANGLED AND
SO SMART...



...AND
DEAR TO
MY HEART
IS THIS
ITALIAN
IMPORT OF
SOFTEST
COWHIDE
WITH SOLE
BLIND
MONEY
PURSE!



DEFINITELY IN THE
DOM LALA, CLAM
IN MY NEW "N" WICK
PULLOVER, BAIT BY
LITTLE OLD ME AND
HORN WITH A PRINTED SATIN
ABOUT!



A BEAUTIFUL
HAND-ROLLED MILK
SCARF ALWAYS
BRINGS OUT THE
GIFTY IN ME!



WITH AN LITTLE
BELL, HONEST-TO-
GOODNESS, SILVER
GILT BALL, I SHALL
HAVE MUSIC WHERE-
EVER I GO!



GILT BRACELETS
WITH BIKINISTONE
OUT LARGES ARE
VERY TON MAKING
WITH YOUR LONG-
SLEEVED SWEATERS,
OR SWEATERS!



WARMER
WEATHERS
ARE ALWAYS
WITH PERFECT
DOWN-
DRAFTS!



I ALWAYS FEEL SO
VERY SPOOKY
AND ROMANTIC
WHEN I WEAR MY
LITTLE FRINGED
SHAWL!

I'M SURE YOU
HAVE SOME
WIFTY IDEAS ON
ACCESSORIES.
TODAY LOVE TO
SEE THEM!
Patsy

A PATSY WALKER EXTRA!

...AND MY SPEECH
TODAY WILL DEAL WITH
SAFETY IN DRIVING...



LATER...

HOP IN, PATSY... WE'LL
GO TO POP'S FOR A
SODA!

OHAY BUZZ... BUT
HERE COMES NANCY!
LET'S INVITE HER
ALONG!



C'MON, NAN! BUZZ
WILL DRIVE US OVER
TO POP'S!

SWELL! HOPE THERE'S
ROOM FOR A FEW
MORE PASSENGERS!



SURE!

THANKS, BUZZ... OUR BOY
FRIENDS TOM AND BILL, WILL
BE HERE ANY
MINUTE!



HERE THEY COME!
C'MON, FELLOWS...
BUZZ IS GIVIN' US
A LIFT!

GREAT! WE'LL HAVE
TO SQUEEZE IN MY
BROTHER GENE AND
BILL'S COUSIN
FRANK!



AHEM! DON'T ANY OF
YOU HEAR MY SPEECH
ON SAFE DRIVING
TODAY?

SURE WE DID,
PRINCIPAL
HARDGOND!



THEN WHY CAN'T
YOU SEE HOW
DANGEROUS AN
OVERCROWDED
CAR LIKE THIS
IS?



OH, THIS IS
EASER THAN
ANY OTHER
WAY!

GIVE
ME ONE
GOOD
REASON!



WITH THIS LOAD, THE OLD JALOP
WON'T BUDGE!





HEART

Dear Patsy,

Whenever I call a certain boy, and he's not at home, I usually leave a message for him to call me back, but he never does. Does this mean he is not interested in me and I should forget him?

D. L. S.
Gary, Indiana

Dear Patsy,

I am 15 years old, but often I can't go out with my friends on Saturday night because my parents ask me to stay at home and mind my brother, while they go out. Can you help me with this problem?

C. R. T.
Seattle, Washington

Dear Patsy,

Whenever my boy friend and I go out on a date, he keeps talking about his former girl friend. Is there any way I can make him understand I am unhappy about this without getting him angry and perhaps losing him?

J. P. A.
Springfield, Mass.

Dear D. L. S.

First of all, a girl should never phone a boy with the plan in mind of arranging a date! It may only serve to put the bug on the defensive, and he'll try to avoid answering such calls at other times. I think you should turn your heart interest elsewhere. Try to make yourself extremely popular among your crowd. Develop carefully; develop an appealing personality, be a good mixer. Then watch the boys start ringing you up on the phone!

Love,
Patsy

Dear C. R. T.

If your folks expect you to be a "sitter" for your baby brother, I'm sure they won't object if you make your house a meeting place for the guys and gals, with records, sand-wiches and cakes as an attraction! Then you can enjoy the evening with your friends and keep an eye on your brother too. I'm sure when you are a little older, they'll let you go out more often and won't insist that you watch Junior!

Love,
Patsy

Dear J. P. A.

Perhaps this boy is not completely at ease with you, and is just trying to make an impression so you will admire him. Try your best to make him feel relaxed and comfortable with you. If he still persists in talking about other girls, just show your disinterest by changing the subject abruptly and he will soon "catch on!"

Love,
Patsy



DON'T FORGET TO SEND YOUR PROBLEM TO ME! WRITE TO

CLINIC



Dear Patsy,

I have a bad habit of biting my fingernails. Would you please tell me how I can cure myself of this unpleasant habit?

B. G. D.
Denver, Colorado

Dear Patsy,

I like a certain boy very much, and would appreciate some advice on how I can attract him. I don't want to chase after him.

L. L. K.
Jackson, Miss.

Dear Patsy,

Is there any cure for shyness? I can't seem to make friends at school because of my inability to join in conversations. Can you help me?

M. J. K.
Chicago, Ill.

Dear B. G. D.

The problem of fingernail-biting is of common to many teenagers. Here are some suggestions for ending yourself of the habit.

Whenever possible, when you go out for the evening, wear gloves. With gloves on, every time you put your hand to your mouth, the gloves will prevent you from chewing on your nails, and after a while you'll stop making that hand run up toward your mouth.

Of course you can't wear gloves all the time. Keep your nails trimmed, filed and clean. Be proud of your hands because you've made them lovely, and you'll soon find your nails long and attractive. You like you want them to be!

Love,
Patsy

Dear L. L. K.

You are quite right! It is never proper to run after a boy. A friendship is more enduring and on firm ground if the boy is attracted to you and shows his interest by asking you for that first wonderful date. To attract him, put on your own natural self... don't try to be what you are not! A boy can see through a false front! Dress appealingly, don't be loud or snooty, and see if I'm not right when I say that boy will be asking you for a date very soon.

Love,
Patsy

Dear M. J. K.

The best way I know of to lose shyness is to join an school activity where you will be brought into contact with other young people who have the same interests as you have. Often a person is shy about speaking because she has nothing of interest to speak about. But a school activity, such as the drama club, will help you to lose your self-consciousness and will also provide a much needed topic of conversation. Lots of luck!

Love,
Patsy



PATSY WALKER, 96 GIRLS' LIFE, 270 PARK AVE., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

PATSY'S OWN PAGE

HI, GALS!

Well, you're truly a mighty happy lass! The response to the first issue of *GIRLS' LIFE* has been tremendous . . . just out of this world! I guess you fans really knew what you wanted when you asked me to edit a new magazine of my very own, specially slanted for the teen-agers of America . . . with stories and articles that would delight dummies like you and me!

So here we are with the *second* fun-filled issue of *GIRLS' LIFE*! Included you'll find terms of interest as requested by those of you who read the *first* issue and sent us letters at our suggestion, recommending additions to the pages of your magazine! I've received so many letters from you, that I haven't had time to read them all yet! But I'll do that before the next issue of *GIRLS' LIFE* goes to the printer, and will publish the most interesting ones! So please keep those letters coming!

Remember, if there are some features you'd like to see in *GIRLS' LIFE*, just let me know . . . I'll be sure to include them in future issues!

Write me:

PATSY WALKER
c/o *GIRLS' LIFE*
270 Park Ave.
New York 17, N. Y.

All my love,

Patsy

P.S. Some of you wrote to me about the error at the end of the fiction story entitled "Kid Sister", in the first issue! Seems there was a run-over of copy and the story ended in the middle of a sentence! Well, I'm truly sorry about that . . . but I'm still learning this business of being an editor of my very own magazine, and I hope you'll forgive me for that oversight! If you spot any mistakes in this issue, please let me know about it!

0875



Everybody seems to love PEN PALS!

If you want *PEN PALS* to write to you, let me know! I'll print your name and address in this section . . . next issue!

Here are some readers who have already requested that we find *PEN PALS* for them! Why not drop them a line and get acquainted?

Carole Raughn
4210 First Avenue
Evansville, Indiana

Tariata C. Garala
904-B Juan Luna Street
Batman City
Aganay, Philippines

Dorothy Chung
33 Tower Street
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